Nations have had their rise and fall, and Have come and gone and left their impress In thoughts and deeds we cannot but re-

But though the world has through them better grown, Still greater, better far the influence thrown Upon the world by Him, who, Son of Man, His reign of peace at Bethlehem began.

The little town, the ever-glorious day,
The manger where the infant Jesus lay,
These have an interest, to none denied,
And meaning sweet as comes the Christ
mastide.

As babe, He came, that He might fully be All that was meant in our humanity; Each stage of life He met with such a grace. As spoke the great Redeemer of His race. A man of sorrows, yet with no complaint, He bore earth's trials and its rude con straint
And gave from earliest life until the end,
To all, the love of a devoted friend.

His words of wisdom, as He came of age, Proclaimed Him both the teacher and th sage; In words that all could understand, He taught
The Heavenly truths which unto man He

Lover of souls, to rich as well as poor, lie showed alike the ever-open door, Through which all might an entrance saf

To mansions fair, which ever such remain Blessed His work, and on this Christma morn, Which speaks of when, to us, the Christ

was born, We feel His love and messages of truth Have in them still a freshness as of youth He was, and is, the gracious Friend and

King; The One to whom glad offerings we bring; May He to us send down this Christmas Rich gifts that shall through coming years

abide.

J. M. Thompson, in Boston Budget.



Browning and his wife sat by the waning fire in the grate after all their children had gone to bed They enjoyed its warmth and their own relaxation from toil, and were talking over their affairs in general. Mr. Browning was a good mechanic, and in I am taking my wife and children to man out. reasonably good times always made a spend the holidays in the city." comfortable living for his wife and five children; but the stagnation of business and frequent cessation of work during the past two years had cramped them greatly in money affairs. The children grew so fast, and wanted new clothes so often, and needed so many books, and had such healthy appetites, that the struggle to supply them had, for a long time, been a hard one. Mrs. Browning had done all her own work and taken in some sewing besides. Mr. Browning had worn his old clothes and boots until they were scarcely respectable; had left no stone unturned to get work, and yet withal the butcher and grocer were pressing him, and things looked discouraging generally. As a

tion, Mrs. Browning said: "Well, it is evident we can't have much Christmas, yet I do think we ought to make the children as happy as we can. It does no good to have them feel the weight of care, or realize the burdens and difficulties of life as we do; and so, if you can collect enough money on the small bills due you, I think we ought to get them some small present, and that we had better get a turkey if we possibly can."

result of a general survey of the situa-

With this conclusion her husband agreed, and they began to count up what money they might probably de-pend upon. Mr. Browning took out his account book and pencil and commenced

to figure. "Col. Randall owes me \$2.30 balance for fixing his porch. He is able to pay, and I think I can depend upon that. Mr. Smith owes 50 cents for a fireboard; Mrs. Jones, the milliner, owes me a dollar for a screen for her window; that new grocer around the corner owes me \$1.25 for making him a seat for his wagon, and perhaps some other piece of work may be found between this and Christmas. But even if I get no work this he sprang into the sleigh himself, we can depend on five dotlars with a good deal of certainty."

All good is comparative. Having thus concluded to have as happy a Christmas as possible, and also that they had five dollars to be happy on, John Browning and his wife went to piece of thoughtless, cruel injustice!
sleep with a feeling of contentment and Mr. Browning stood for a few moments happiness which many a rich family planning for costly expenditures might

The next morning the ground was covered with a deep snow, and while they sat at their frugal breakfast a loud knock was heard at the door. On opening it, Mr. Browning was met by

'jumper' for me right away. We don't dark, and something must be done. often have such a snow as this in the west, and my wife and children want looking for him, and altogether it was to enjoy it. Can you come over to my house right after breakfast and see how I want it made? Then I want a large

John Browning's eyes glistened, and his face fairly glowed with pleasure at this unexpected good fortune. He agreed to come at once, and when he sat down to finish his breakfast he could not forbear saying to his wife and

children: "I guess we are going to have a jolly good Christmas, Mr. Pot-ter is a rich man, the people say, and will pay well and promptly for work done. I can earn \$20 this week if he

gives me the work he speaks of." The effect of the good news of work obtained was felt by the whole family. The children were exultant and good tempered as they went off to school. Mrs. Browning went around with a light step and cheerful heart singing at her work. It is wonderful how hope lightens toil. As she sang and worked she thought what comfort and pleasure the coming \$20 would bring. They could nearly square off with the grocer and butcher, and consequently enjoy

Christmas that much better. She it was earned. thought of her husband working away so cheerfully in the cold, his heart full band, and life seemed very sweet and bright to her. Mr. Browning came home at noon even more full of good cheer and hope than when he went was of small consequence. He was having a wonderfully nice "jumper" made for his children, and had given orders for Mr. Browning to go right ahead and build the wood-shed. The children all rejoiced again over the good news of work, and exulted in the thought of generous gifts and a turkey for Christ-

During the week both the grocer and butcher called around to see about their bills, and were both assured by Mrs. Browning that they would receive some noney on Saturday night, inasmuch as Mr. Browning had been so fortunate as to have steady work all week.

Christmas day came on Sunday, and it would be necessary to get all the gifts and the good things for the Christmas dinner on Saturday. The day was very cold, and John Browning found it was going to push him hard to get the wood-shed done by evening. As he wished to have a little time in which to enjoy spending his hard-earned money, paying what he owed, and in the happy employment of going with his wife to buy Christmas gifts for the children, he employed a fellow-workman to assist him on Saturday. At noon he made out his bill to Mr. Potter, and carefully placed it in his pocket, feeling that it was as good as so much money. About five o' clock the last nail was driven, his tools were gathered up and Mr. Browning went around to the front part of Mr. Potter's house to see his employer and get his pay. Just as he raised his hand to ring the bell, Mr. Potter came out, followed by his wife and children, all heavily wrapped up, and evidently just starting on a journey. A large sleigh stood at the front gate loaded with trunks and valises.

"I have finished the wood shed," said Mr. Browning, "and called to ask you to look at it and to present you my bill." "All right, all right, Mr. Browning, but we are just starting to the city to spend the holidays, and I cannot pay our bill till I return, which will be in wo or three weeks."

"But my family are needing and depending on this money," said Mr. Erowning, with a sinking heart, "and it would be very inconvenient to wait. ould you not-

"No use at all in insisting, my dear fellow," said Mr. Potter, in a tone half

"Well, if that isn't too outrageous!" said Mrs. Browning, with a sudden flush of anger. "Why did you let him off? If I was a man I tell you people couldn't trifle with me that way. When I carned my money I'd collect it."

There was danger that in addition to

the loss of the expected money there would be the loss of that more precious thing in the family, affectionate harmony and sympathy; for Mrs. Brown-ing was human, and had that human in-stinct which leads us to try to find some one on whom to blame misfortunes and disappointments. Her husband, with an equally natural instinct, was inclined to resent this, for he only knew how hard it was to collect money even after

"If you think you can collect better than I can," was the reply, "just try it. of the thought of what his wages You can take that bill for the balance would procure for his family, and her | Col. Randall owes me, and see if you can heart blessed him as a good, kind hus- get it. We have nothing to fall back on except those little bills we counted over last week, anyway."

The children had gathered around and listened in silence and dismay to away in the morning. Mr. Potter the conversation. "Can't we have any seemed to be a man to whom money Christmas now?" was their tearful query; and when their mother sharply told them "No!" reechoing in her voice and manner the anger of her spirit, it was but a few moments till they, too, were inspired by the same discordant feelings, and quarreling and angry words were heard where but an hour before all was good temper and pleasurable excitement.

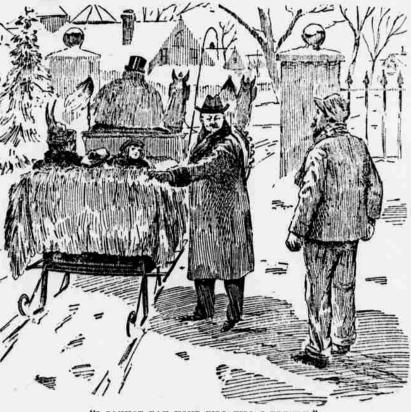
John Browning moodily waited while his wife placed the supper of out meal and milk on the table. She herself was almost faint for a more substantial meal, and Mr. Browning in the earlier part of the day had said to her: "We will have a good steak for supper this evening; working in the cold makes a fellow fearfully hungry." He was so full of chagrin now that he searcely noticed what he ate, and a gloomy silence fell upon all as they sat around the table. When the meal was through, he said, as he put on his hat:

"I wish, Mary, you would take that bill over to Col. Randall's; it is but a step, and I have to go clear to the other side of the village to see if I can get those other small bills. Perhaps he will pay it to you even quicker than he will to me. Then I must call and see the grocer and butcher. Dear me, I'd rather be lashed than to meet them now."

With this he handed her the account against Col. Randall and went out. The original account had been \$32.30, and there was the balance of \$2.30 due. Mrs. Browning washed up the tea things, her mind filled with bitter and complaining thoughts. She disliked to go to Col. Randall with a call for so small a balance; she feared be would think them mean to ask for it. Then she fell back to her mood of trying to blame somebody. John was a kind husband, but he was too easy with prople. It seemed to her that, if she were a man, in some way or other she would manage money matters better. They would never get ahead at this rate of doing things.

The early moon was shining brightly when she was ready to go to Col. Randall's with the bill. Giving the elder children directions to put the younger ones to bed, she muffled up warmly, for it was bitter cold, and passed along the short distance that lay between her little home and Col. Randall's fine residence. Ringing the bell, she was ushgay, half insulting. "I need all the ered into the hall, and there left waitmoney I have, and more too, now that | ing while the servant called the gentle-

"Good evening; what can I do for



"I CANNOT PAY YOUR BILL TILL I RETURN."

Anger and disappointment flushed | you?" said that severe-looking gentle John Browning's face crimson as he said: "Mr. Potter, I depended on your prompt payment of this bill or I would

"I have no time to parley," said Mr. Potter—"here, wife and children, jump in, or we shall be too late for the train. I tell you I can't pay you now." With and giving an impatient order to the driver, the sleigh rapidly carried them out of sight to catch the train already whistling in the distance.

How suddenly was the bright sky of the Browning family darkened by this Mr. Browning stood for a few moments irresolute, while feelings of anger, humiliation and disappointment strug-gled in his heart. The fellow workmen whom he had employed also waited for his small pittance, and when Mr. Browning informed him of the state of affairs, with an expression of profanity he threw down the tools he held in his collar and gloves, who asked if he was
John Browning, the carpenter.

"Well, I want to get you to make a

'jumper' for me right away.

"Wall, I want to get you to make a

'gunt of all. How could he blast their hopes and chill their hearts, and on Christmas

eve, too? But it was

too hard to endure. Mrs. Browning saw her husband coming up the walk, and she knew by the wood-shed built this week. Could you expression on his face that something go on and build it immediately?"

man, not recognizing her as a near neighbor as he came into the hall.

"Mr. Browning, my husband wishc know if it would be convenient for you to pay the small balance on this bill this evening." Col. Randall took the bill hesitating-

ly, turned it over and hemmed and leared his throat and then said: "I've paid \$30 on this bill, and should think Mr. Browning need not trouble me for the balance on Christmas

"But he has been disappointed in get-ting pay for work and needs the money."
"So do I need money. People seem to think I'm made of money. I really can't spare this trifle this evening. Besides, I told Mr. Browning the last time he asked me for this balance, and he has bothered me about it a great deal, that when I got ready and could spare the money Iwould pay him. Good evening, ma'am." And with this the colonel turned on his heel, and while Mrs. Browning waited for the servant to let her out she heard him say to his wife in the sitting-room: "It is one of the annoyances of having work done by starveling workingmen that they are always dunning one for the pay. I am sure John Browning has bothered me more for that little balance than the

whole bill is worth."
"And so this is what poor John has to stand when he tries to collect his bills,' said Mrs. Browning to herself, as she hurried home. "Starveling working-men, indeed! And then to think I am ready to blame him into the bargain." Over and above all her feelings of disappointment now rose the feeling of love and sympathy for her hurband. tide as if you never expected to see an-

THE GUARD'S STORY.

the news of his failure to get his money

from Mr. Potter. When she reached

home she found only the two older chil-

troubles by fretting. Her own spirit

vas reflected in theirs; kind and af-

fectionate feelings were inspired by her cheerful words and talk; and although before they went to bed they hung up

their stockings by the fire, in case any

good luck should come, yet their little

hearts were bravely preparing for dis-

It was nearly an hour before Mrs.

Browning heard her husband's foct-

around his neck and pressed her cheek

"Never mind if we do have hard times

"My dear, good wife," said John, hold-

And then in a few moments they sat

down and compared notes. Mary told her ill-success with Col. Randall. John

had got no money except the one dollar

from Mrs. Jones, the little milliner, but

he new grocer wanted to pay for the

making of the seat for his wagon in

trade, and they could get two chickens

and a few groceries there. The dollar

would get a small Christmas gift apiece

for the children, and so they would make

"Well, let us go out and buy the things

and a few moments later, closely

bundled up from the cold, John Brown-

lovingly along the village street. They

counter, and had much amusement and

blessed alchemy of love had transformed

their disappointment into affectionate

sympathy for each other's trials and

lisappointments, and they listened with

happy hearts to the gay chatter of their

children, saying to themselves and to

each other: "We are having a good Christmas, after all." What was lack-

ing in material good was made up in

kindness and love, and earnest effort to

make the best of things, and to cause their children to have a happy day. And

when, at dinner, they sat down to par-

take of the two nicely-browned, stuffed

chickens, instead of the expected Christmas turkey, their happiness and enjoy-

ment might well have been envied by

the two inconsiderate employers whose

injustice and disregard of the honest

claims of those whose labor they had

enjoyed, came so near spoiling the

Brownings' Christmas .- Mrs. Helen E.

For the Christmas of To-Day.

While there are so many things we

deplore there are so many things about

which to thank God. But while amid

so many alleviating circumstances the

nation keeps the holiday, I wish especial

middle-aged men and women and the

aged during these seven or ten holidays

rally all their sprightliest feeling and

put themselves in accord with the young. Make this a bright memory.

They will very soon have to put their shoulder under the burden of life and

harness themselves for the world's

battle. Father, mother, help them now

to get a surplus of exuberance that will

last them when life has become a seri-

ous thing to them, as it has become to

us. When you and I have gone out of

the struggle, and in the far distant

holidays they think of us, as they will

think of us, do not let them think of us

as grouty and dull, sitting around dis-

coursing about our aches and pains

when we ought to have been sympa-

thetic with their merriment. And after

all these family unions have ceased,

and we no more on earth rejoice in the

children's glee, may it be because we

are all together in our Father's house,

keeping the eternal celebration.-T. De

Witt Talmage, in Ladies' Home Journal.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Jimmie-1 guess that'll fetch him,

Mr. Fangle (to Johnny Camso)-

Johnny-No, I ain't. I didn't get

Well, Johnny, are you praying for many Christmas presents this year?

half what I prayed for last year .--

-It is a good plan to act at Christmas

Bobbie.-Judge.

Judge.

happiness for your households. Let

Starrett, in Chicago Interior.

each other and the children, and we will

be happy in spite of all."

the best of it.

appointment.

to his.

dren still awake, and them she con-soled cheerfully, telling them that though they could not have much for From the State Journal, Lincoln, Neb. There is probably not a stronger man or more trustworthy guard employed at the Nebraska State Penitentiary than J. T. Ralston. To a stranger he appears a very good example of the man who boasts that he Christmas, yet they must be kind and cheerful and not add to dear papa's

good example of the man who boasts that he never was sick a day in his life.

For many years Mr. Ralston lived at Syracuse, Nebraska, and the old residents there remember him as one of the strongest and healthiest of their number.

In '59, or thereabouts, when the "grip" first broke forth in this section of the country, it claimed him as one of its earliest victims. Like most men with a strong physique, he sneered at the disease and did not guard properly against it. For days he lay in bed and left it only as a confirmed invalid.

About this time he moved with his family

lay in bed and left it only as a confirmed invalid.

About this time he moved with his family to Peru, Nebraska, where some of his children were attending the State Normal School. He hoped the change would do him good, but he was disappointed. He doctored with the local physicians, and even with his own son who was practicing medicine. All seemed to no avail, and miserable in mind and body the poor man told his family that he feared there was no hope for him.

A happy thought of his own led him to try strong stimulants. He was again able to work. But he soon found that his relief was but temporary, and when bad weather came on he was subject to severe attacks of the "grip" as before. steps on the walk. She hurried to the door, and, as he entered, she looked lovingly and sympathizingly in his face. His feelings also had evidently been moved by reflections of a gentle and tender kind, for as soon as he closed the door and noticed the kind look on his wife's face he held out his arms toward her. She threw hers lovingly

was but temporary, and when bad weather came on he was subject to severe attacks of the "grip" as before.

Two years ago Mr. Raiston was employed at the Nebraska State Penitentiary at Lincoln, the state capital, and enjoyed comparative ease while performing the duties of usher. Last fall, however, he was put out on the wall, and with the change of work came his old trouble in even more aggravated form. He was not only troubled with the usual miserable feelings of the "grip," but he found himself short of breath and generally weak, these things unfitting him for the duties of his position.

Once more, almost in despair, he sought a cure and purchased a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He used them according to directions and felt better. Five more boxes followed the first and the long sufferer was a well man.

Said he to a Journal reporter, to whom he had just given the above facts: "I feel now as though I could stack more hay than any man in Nebraska; and if I needed a position now I would hunt one on a harvest field Why, only last Sunday night I took a severe cold which, a year ago, would have laid me up a week with the 'grip;' but now it causes me only temporary annoyance and I simply live it off." and bad luck, John," she said; "we have ing her close to his heart, "if I could only give you what you deserve you should have every comfort and pleasure

only temporary annoyance and I simply

live it off...

Mr. Ralston has been long and favorably known in many parts of Nebraska both as a private citizen and as a leader in the original Farmers' Alliancemovement, and hosts of friends rejoice with him in his remarkfor Christmas," said Mrs. Browning, ing and his wife walked cheerfully and able recovers for which he unhesitatingly gives the credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a con-densed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and got two plump chickens and enough material to make a substantial dinner at the new grocer's. Then they went to restore shattered nerves. Pink Pillsare sold by all dealers, or will be sent post raid on receipt of the price, (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. a store where there was a good five-cent pleasure in selecting a lot of little articles suitable for putting in the chil-

dren's stockings, not forgetting a pound -When we see crashing past us that of stick candy. Coming home they busied themselves for awhile in wrapenormous mass of iron and wood called the vestibule train, we are prone to ping each article in a separate piece of wonder at the wide difference between paper and in deciding which should go into the different little stockings, not the construction of this train and that of a bicycle. A 211, pound "safety" forgetting to put in two or three sticks will carry a 150-pound man at nearly of candy, all wrapped in separate pathe same rate of speed as the train, but for every 150-pound man the vestibule Very early Christmas morning Mr. train must carry a dead weight of be-Browning got up and put on a good tween 3,000 and 4,000 pounds. Now, as lire, so that the room might be warm the bicycle is a practical machine, the when the little folks should discover train must be unnecessarily heavy their stockings, which they did in the and, if there is such a discrepancy is carly dawn. It was a joyful surprise to one important point, may not an equal the children, who were just as happy discrepancy exist in other important as though the gifts had been costly. As points? for Mr. Browning and his wife, the

> -Dilzon - "Nice umbrella, that. What did it cost you?" Dalzey-"Six dollars. What did yours cost?" Dilzon -"O, just a little effort."-Roxbury Gazette. -The beaver hunters of the early

> days of this country believed that the severity of the coming winter was indicated by the thickness of the beaver

> -Keeping It In .- "The plaguey foire is going out again, Moicke. "Shure, I'll festen the doore, Biddy.

THE	MARKETS.
New	York, December 17, 1895.
CATTLE-Native	Steers \$ 3 25 528 1 20 2 81 62 6 2 3 55 Wheat 8 25 6 3 55 31 8 694
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OATS-No 2	1243 27
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OATS No. 2 MIXO	W. C.
DOUBLE NOW MOVE	d. (7 6, 684 d 28 65 294 L 20 65 218 5 70 9 9 9
BUCON Close Pile	A

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ree. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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Is fraught with import doubly dire to the unhappy man who beholds his dwelling or his warehouse feeding the devouring clement uninsured. Happing most people who can, insure-everything but beautic. Nineindigestion, liver complaint, la priese, impetion of the kidneys and bladder and majoria all counteracted by Hostetter's Stone ach Bitters.

The look on any married weman's face should convince the guis that the men are not worth the execution necessary to catch

Turne is a difference between a cold and the grie, but you will not realize it until you receive the doctor's bill.—Truin.

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